

Our Young Folks' Department

"Childhood often holds a truth in its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, and which it is the pride of utmost age to recover." --RUSKIN.

"Children generally hate to be idle; all the care is then that their busy humor should be constantly employed in something of use to them." --LOCKE.



READING FOR CHILDREN.

SELECTIONS FOR THEIR ENJOYMENT AND PROFIT.

Four Full Columns Devoted to the Little Folks.—The Weekly Story—Editor's Letter—More Puzzles to Solve.

December.

December's come, and with her brought A world in whitest marble wrought. The trees, and fence, and all the posts Stand motionless, and white as ghosts; And all the paths we used to know Are hidden in the drifts of snow.

December brings the longest night, And cheats the day of half its light. No song-bird breaks the perfect hush, No meadow brook with liquid gush. Runs telling tales in babbling rhyme Of liberty and summer time.

But frozen in its icy cell, Awaits the sun to break the spell. Breathe once upon the window glass, And see the mimic mists that pass— Fantastic shapes that go and come Forever slivery and dumb.

December Santa Claus shall bring— Of happy children happy king— With his sleigh and reindeer stops At all good people's chimney-tops.

Then, let the holly red be hung And all the sweetest carols sung. While we with joy remember them— The journeyers to Bethlehem— Who followed, trusting from afar, The guidance of that happy star Which marked the spot where Christ was born.

Long years ago, one Christmas morn.— Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Dragon of Wantley.

What a terrible creature he was! Judge for yourselves this description of him, and judge for yourselves.

"This dragon had two fur wings. Each one was as big as a shield. With a sting in his tail as long as a flail, Which made him bolder and bolder.

"He had long claws, and in his jaws four-and-fifty teeth of iron. With a hide as tough as any buff, Which he did him round environ."

Terrible as he was to look at, the monster was as cruel as he was ugly. There is a picture of him in one of the books in the British Museum, in which he is represented crunching up one monk with those "teeth of iron," and stamping on another, while a timid king is holding up his hands in helpless astonishment.

But before we go any further I may as well tell you where Wantley is. Close to Sheffield there is a place called Wharfedale, and that is supposed to have been the home of this monster, Wharfedale having been turned into Wantley by constant repetition. Here the dragon lived, in a hedge close to the hillsides, coming out whenever he felt hungry, which seems to have been pretty often.

"Devoiced he poor children there. That could not with him grapple, And at one up he ate them up. As a man would eat an apple."

This was bad enough, but there was worse still to follow. The dragon did eat— "All sorts of cattle, the dragon did eat— Some say he ate up trees. And the forest, sure, he would devour by degrees. For houses and churches were to him game and turkey."

He ate all, and left none behind. Regular nonsense verses they sound, do they not? But, of course, they are all true—at least, as true as any other fairy tale.

Well, things went on in this way till the poor people of Wantley began to feel that they really could not bear it any longer. There was a very fierce and very brave knight living close at hand, and some of the wisest men thought that they might perhaps get him to kill the monster.

"The worst of it is," said one, "Moore of Moore Hall seems to be nearly as furious as the dragon himself. Do you remember his swinging that great horse by his mane and tail?"

"Ay, ay, that we do!" was the answer; and then some one added, in a solemn whisper: "Didn't he eat him all up, too, except his head?"

I don't suppose people in those days talked about jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, but if they did, I am sure some one must have proposed at that meeting that they ought to be careful, lest in their anxiety to get rid of the monster, they fell into the clutches of another.

But, nevertheless, when a day or two afterward some more children had been devoured by the dragon, a crowd of men, women, and children, went sighing and sobbing to the knight's house.

"Oh, save us all, Moore of Moore Hall. Thou peerless knight of these woods. Do but slay this dragon, who would leave us a rag on, We'll give thee all our goods."

"No, no," said the knight; "I do not want any reward. But I must first go to Sheffield and have some strong armor made with long spikes all over it; then I will fight the dragon for you."

"What sword will you have, Sir Knight?" they inquired, anxiously. "None at all, good people. I will fight him with my feet and hands alone."

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fresh spirit, and succeeded in defeating their enemies and taking the city. From that day onward, instead of Edward the Confessor, George has been the patron saint of England—Exchange.

The Violin Player.
He plays as the passers hurry In the pulse of the early day.
Plays!—as the children scamper In heedlessness on their way.
Plays!—as the swift hours carry The heart of the day along.
With his weary form on the curb-stone And the soul of his youth in the song.

What do they know of his playing? A merry or mournful air!
But ah! what memories are swaying His heart as he fiddles there:
There are scenes of early childhood, A mother beside the door!
A bird that trilled from the wild-wood; Himself—a child once more!

You may pass in your pride and splendor, And tread the music of the throng;
But there lives a joy to the fiddler That only the fiddle knows!

Dogs for Eating.
A favorite article of food in China—but it is a luxury—is a well fattened dog. A particular species is reared for the table. It is a small dog, of a greyhound shape, with large tufts of hair in front of its ears, but with a muzzle much more elongated than in terriers. The skin is almost destitute of hair, with the exception of the tufts on the head already spoken of, and a large tuft on the tail. It has been said that so long have these dogs been bred for the purpose of being eaten that they have an hereditary aversion to butchers! The flesh of black dogs is preferred to that of animals of another color on account of the greater amount of nutriment it is supposed to possess.

The Toilet in Turkey.
Most of the Turkish ladies, even the prettiest, paint and plaster themselves in a deplorable fashion. With rose and pomegranate they make their cheeks a lively white and red; while carmine paste deepens the line of their lips, and cosmetics darken their eyes. With antiquity, however, they touch up their eyelids, so as to add brilliancy and intensity to their gaze. They also chew mastic, which strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath, while drying their finger nails and even the palms of their hands with henna.

Editor's Weekly Letter.
Dear Children,—You are, one and all, looking forward with eagerness, I know, to Christmas-Day, now so very close at hand, in anticipations of the gifts good Santa Claus is to bestow, and of the general jollity of the season.

Do not forget, however, that the Christmas time's true lesson is not the happiness which comes from receiving anymore than the joy which results from giving. In gratefulness for that wondrous gift found nineteen years ago, I should like to tell you about, and then we will say "Good-bye" to the monsters.

Every one knows that St. George is the patron saint of England, but I am not named George, who went from Cappadocia to live in a town of Libya, in Africa.

Near this town there was a pond which a terrible dragon had chosen for his home. We have been reading about fierce monsters, but none was more fierce than the cruel dragon which lived near Silene.

He was as strong as he was cruel. In vain did the king send him troops of soldiers to destroy him; the breath of the monster was enough to kill all who went near him.

So the people made up their minds that they must let the dragon live in peace, and that he should eat up all the cattle and sheep in the city. But dragons must eat, as well as other creatures; and sometimes he would make an excursion to the walls of Silene in search of food, poisoning every breath who came within reach of his breath.

"We must stop these visits, or make them as short as possible," said the people. "Let us always prepare his meal for him."

So the sheep were put ready for the monster each day. He took them and left the people in peace, but the stock of sheep became exhausted in time, and so the frightened citizens held a meeting to decide what was to be done next.

"It cannot be helped," they said; "some of us must die in order to save the whole city. A man and a beast must be given to the monster every day, and we must, so the frightened citizens held a meeting to decide what was to be done next."

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man's Christian name. 4. To consume. 5. A consonant.

III.
1. A consonant. 2. A poet. 3. A vowel. The central words of the three, taken together, give the name of a celebrated poet.

224.—Buried Acrostic.
In the following sentences and buried words that form a cross—designations of the words are given below. The initials and finals taken together give the name of an early spring flower.

1. How do you like my cape? Arthur says.
2. He brought it from Rome, Rome over the sea.
3. And I risked taking cold to come out in this shower.
4. For mamma left tasks to be done in an hour.

Definitions.
My first is a fruit, both luscious and sweet;
My second in Shakespeare, a name you oft meet;
My third is important to you and to me, Either flower, or an organ that helps us to see;
My fourth, if you find it, will rhyme well with sail,
And then my attempt at a puzzle will fail.

TENNISON'S DEATH BED.

The Late Sir Andrew Clarke's Graphic Description—Secret of a Hale Old Age.

Lord Tennyson was dead; from Haslemere came confused rumors that the death-bed scene had been of unearthly beauty, and that Sir Andrew, who had watched with his dying friend and patient through the whole of the last day and night, was on his way back to London.

When I stepped out of my hamper at his door Sir Andrew drove up from the opposite direction, says a writer in the Westminster Gazette.

"Now, I will tell you what I think that I may say," he said, as settled in the famous consulting-room. A red-dish light from the fire lit up the gloom of the dull, wet autumn day, and in the dim light Sir Andrew began to tell me of that most wonderful of death-bed scenes.

He looked very sad as he was sitting in front of his bureau, incessantly twisting a pencil between his fingers, and one moment he brightened up and then looked frowningly at me and said: "Do you know what you are asking?"

You are asking me to do what in the medical profession is considered an awful breach of duty. I have just seen Sir Andrew, and I am bitter disappointment I rose to go, with only sufficient courage left to say that certainly if this was so I was sincerely sorry.

In one second the frown turned into a half-smile, and with his hand on my shoulder he said: "Sit still. I don't mind committing a breach of etiquette this time, but you must promise not to mention my name as your informant."

The Last Waite.
"Keep my name out and then tell the world what you think of the glorious death-bed scene of the Surrey hills, and then, with glowing emotion, with a voice that rose and fell, and often grew husky and hoarse, he said: 'I have stood by the bedside of the poet. I have stood by the bedside of thousands of fellow creatures,' he said, 'and have seen very grand and solemn death-bed scenes, but never, never one like that from which I have just seen the poet pass away.'

When he knew animated, had a strange magnetic power over his hearers—I have heard others, students, medical men, and private friends of his, often observe this—'I have just seen the poet pass away.'

"The distance hills shrouded in mist, the perfect white, could be then gazed on the window of the room where Tennyson lay like a piece of breathing marble." He went on to describe the night flooded with light, and the poet's face, and the dying man's request for his Shakespeare, and "after that the dark," and then he rose again, and walked up and down the room. I also rose to go.

"But still, still, still, suddenly, 'Shall I tell you why Tennyson's death was so peaceful? This is not to be put into the papers to-day. Probably it would not interest them to-day. But the secret of the poet's death, and the secret of his life. It is a secret which few have learned in time to profit by. I was his friend before I was his physician. Metaphysics drew us together. Gladstone, I am deeply interested in that subject, and we all three agreed in our taste for a simple life and a life of work."

"Half the disease of the generation is due to idleness. Idleness, the beginning of all evil. The mother of a pampered child, the mother of a pampered girl, the mother of a pampered boy, the mother of a pampered man, the mother of a pampered woman, the mother of a pampered nation, the mother of a pampered world, the mother of a pampered universe, the mother of a pampered God, the mother of a pampered Christ, the mother of a pampered Holy Spirit, the mother of a pampered Church, the mother of a pampered Kingdom, the mother of a pampered Heaven, the mother of a pampered Hell, the mother of a pampered Universe, the mother of a pampered God, the mother of a pampered Christ, the mother of a pampered Holy Spirit, the mother of a pampered Church, the mother of a pampered Kingdom, the mother of a pampered Heaven, the mother of a pampered Hell, the mother of a pampered Universe, the mother of a pampered God, the mother of a pampered Christ, the mother of a pampered Holy Spirit, the mother of a pampered Church, the mother of a pampered Kingdom, the mother of a pampered Heaven, the mother 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